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PRAIRIE

THE MAGAZINE OF
R.A.F., Moose Jaw,

PUBLISHED BY KIND
PERMISSION OF
GROUP CAPTAIN
C. E. H. JAMES, M.C.



FLYER

No. 32 S.F.T.S.
Sask., Canada

COMMITTEE
CPL. T. B. JONES
LAC. J. MORTON
LAC. G. A. SUMNER
CPL. H. R. PRIESTMAN
LAC. T. S. M. GARD

EDITOR—LAC. E. C. G. COLLINS

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JUNE, 1942

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THIS issue marks the end of the first volume of the "PRAIRIE FLYER." If you have saved all the numbers, you possibly would like to have them bound, so that in future years you may be able to turn to your bookshelf and look back on these days.

Your committee is going into the question of cost, etc., and hopes to be able to make an announcement in the next issue. In the meantime, if you have not already given it a thought, consider the advantage of having your copies bound into one complete volume. Odd copies are liable to get lost or torn far more easily than would a book of four hundred pages. If you have saved your copies this far, it obviously is your intention to keep them for those days in the future when the war belongs to the past. It is then you will derive entertainment from these pages, as you come across some item or other that will bring back memories you thought you had forgotten. In book form you will have a far more permanent record than in loose copies.

If you have not a complete set and desire to obtain the missing numbers, you may get your chance very soon. A limited number of back numbers will be placed on sale at the next Pay Parade at the bargain price of three for ten cents. There will not be a great number available and it will have to be a case of first come, first served. When these copies have all gone, there will be no more.

And now as to the future. Plans are in hand to improve your magazine. Next month you will see a new cover design and other changes in make-up. Your committee would like to make the magazine more personal than it has been in the past, but only with your co-operation can this end be achieved. If you see, hear or do anything a little out of the ordinary, let them know about it. They will make a story for you if you cannot do it yourself. These will be the incidents you will want to remember in those future years, and the pages of the "PRAIRIE FLYER" are the best medium to ensure that you do not forget them. It's up to you!

E. C.

Words of Wisdom

"There are two things to aim at in life: first to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second."

—Logan Pearsall Smith.

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THE *Padre's* PAGE

“**A**T ONE time I had faith in God. But how can I go on believing in Him when there is all this cruelty and suffering in the world. I must do my best to help to win the war; but the war itself makes it impossible for me to believe and trust in a God who loves and cares.”

There are many who think more or less like this, and argue along these lines. On the other hand, a keen thinker has said: “Had this world crash not come, I must have doubted God.” God does not desire all this mess and evil. But God has given us freedom to choose—without such freedom we should merely be machines, unable to think and plan for ourselves. God cares for each one of us, and because of His love, has given us freedom. He wants us as friends, and friendship must essentially be a matter of free choice. He has chosen us; we are free to choose Him and His ways. Many people have not done so—they have chosen selfishness and greed, and, because we are “bound together in the bundle of life”, troubles come on the good as well as the bad. As Jesus said, “God maketh His sun to rise on the good and the evil, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.”

If Nature's laws admitted of unforeseen exceptions, progress of any kind would be impossible, as we should never know what would be happening next. We must know that water in the kettle will boil and not freeze under certain conditions; and that, when attempting to take off, an aircraft will rise from the ground instead of crashing into a boundary fence. Jesus saw that it is evidence of God's love and not of His indifference, that He makes the sun to rise on the evil as well as on the good, and that the good have to suffer with the evil. If God arranged it differently we could not know the result of any progress or action, and life would be still more mysterious. So, unless we can put a stop to the things that bring war, it is inevitable that war should come.

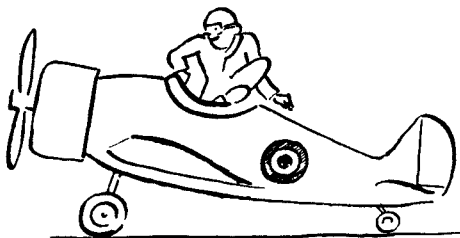
Change men's hearts, alter their outlook and then we shall have peace. God hates war, and all that causes it; but, because He has given us freedom to choose, it is up to us (and by “us” I mean everyone in the world) whether, eventually, there is peace or war. Because He hates evil, God suffers when there is evil. During the last war, Mr. H. G. Wells expressed the thought of a God who suffers: “Why, if I thought there was an omnipotent God who looked down on battles and death and all the waste of this war—able to prevent these things—doing them to amuse Himself—I would spit in His face.”

God's methods are methods of persuasion and not of compulsion. You may know the picture “The Light of the World”—Christ, the Light of the World, is standing outside the door, knocking, and waiting for the door to be opened from *within*. The artist has painted the door without a handle on the outside, symbolising the fact that Christ never forces His way in, but waits for the person inside to turn the handle. So it is with everyone today. He wants to come in, but waits for us to invite Him. We must all do this, as this is the only way by which cruelty and selfishness will be eradicated. Meanwhile, as this is likely to be a very gradual process, and as trouble and evils will continue to confront us, we shall do well to keep in mind some words of John Oxenham:

*“For sorrows bearing fruit in nobler life,
For every loss that works a greater gain,
For all this strange, sweet paradox of life,
We thank Thee, Lord.”*

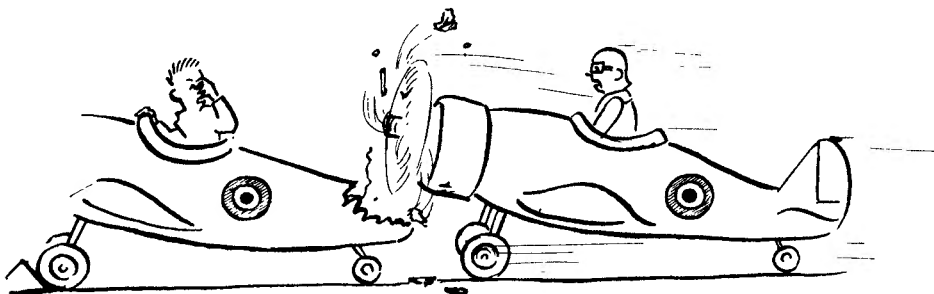
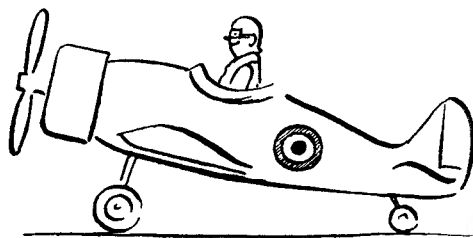
DONALD A. FOSTER.

To Whom It May Concern . . .



A certain young airman whose
name I won't mention,
Decided to try to start up his
engine;

The gas he turned on and doped
her correctly;
Then giving her "Contact"
She started directly.



Yes! She started O.K., but Oh! what a wreck—
For his chocks and brakes he'd forgotten to check!

Happy Landing!

By A.S.H.

WHEN I think back I cannot help but thank my lucky stars—and so would you! It all started when I met a civilian a short while back. In the course of our conversation he mentioned that he had an old 'plane at his place a few miles out from Moose Jaw. If I was interested he would be glad to lend it to me. "You mean I could fly it away?" I asked. That was what he meant all right, and so it was arranged that I should collect it the following Sunday.

The following Sunday morning, at 7.30, found me, along with old Jimmy Steele, outside the Exchange Cafe getting into our car, ready to start on a journey to Coderre—that was where the 'plane was waiting. It was pouring with rain, and we spent the next sixteen hours digging

the car out of the mud! Everything went fine until we got just past Mossbank, where we took a short cut. This was fatal—we went bang into mud. We got out of the car, pulled down a fence and tore up some grass to make a road. Getting on to the main road again, we took another short cut, and once more ran smack into mud. This happened just six times before 5 o'clock in the afternoon. By this time the "breadsnapper" was howling for food and, incidentally, we weren't pretty to look at! However, we carried on only to get stuck again, and then, after sweating to get the car to a dry spot, found we were out of petrol!

That was the last straw! We 'phoned up the bloke who owned the 'plane. He nipped over in his car (it was fitted with chains) and supplied us with the necessary. By this time it was dark and our only course was to get back to Moose Jaw. So we started back. On the way we took the wrong road—we discovered this only when it petered

out in front of us. We got out of the car and found we were close to a little hut surrounded by whitewashed stones. I said to old Jimmy, "Now, where are they likely to have whitewashed stones?" "An Air 'Works' is the *only place*," said he. So we got down to look and, there, sure enough, was "R.C.A.F." built in stones. We were right on the Mossbank bombing range and the front wheels of the car were already sinking into the mud of Johnston Lake. We hurriedly backed out

and eventually reached Moose Jaw at midnight, tired, hungry and "brass-ed off."

The next day we tried again and this time were successful. Have you ever been to Coderre? When we arrived the place was deserted—not a soul in sight, just a piece of tumbleweed blowing

down the street and a dog howling in the distance. Jimmy Steele said, "Well, here you are—out you get. Cheerio!" and away he went. He'd seen enough!

Once I found somebody it wasn't difficult locating the bloke I'd come to see. Finding somebody was the trouble. However, eventually I contacted him. "Oh! Here you are" he said, "thought you'd never get here! Well, come along, let's get this 'plane out." He kept it in a garage. We went round and opened the doors, and there it was—the WACO I'd come to collect. A couple of chickens were roosting on the wings; boxes and papers were scattered everywhere; the whole place was covered with dust and, except for the live stock, it evidently hadn't been used for about six months. We brushed all the stuff off the wings, pushed it out and tried to start it. Tried, I said! Of course it wouldn't start. We drained out the oil, took out the plugs, emptied the car-

This, believe it or not, is a true story. The incidents here set down occurred to one of the Flight Commanders on this Unit. If you have had adventures which would make reading as entertaining and interesting as these, the Editor will be pleased to hear from you. Don't keep them to yourself—let us all enjoy them.

• Continued on following page

HAPPY LANDING

• Continued from page 9

burettor, heated the oil on a stove, baked the plugs, and placed a tarpaulin over the engine and a Primus stove under it to give it some heat. By this time it was getting pretty late, so the bloke who owned the 'plane pushed off to bed, leaving me under the tarpaulin with a fire extinguisher just in case. I stayed there throughout the night, only waking up at intervals, in a panic, to pump up the Primus.

I had to get back to start flying at 8 o'clock the next morning, and luckily one of the chickens crowing woke me up. Stiff and aching in every limb, I opened the garage doors, pushed out the 'plane, poured back the oil which by this time was boiling, replaced the plugs, fixed up the carburettor and tried starting it. Nothing happened! What next? . . . I fixed up a booster coil to the magneto with an extension wire into the cockpit. By this time the "locals" were gathering around, taking it in turns to swing the "prop" and, eventually the thing started. So we clipped off the wire from the booster coil and I put on my "jumping bag", climbed in and started taxi-ing down the main street! All the kids were cheering, dogs were barking and a general panic reigned. To get to a field I had to cross the railway track. The farmers, who were pulling here and pushing there, caused the wing to strike the railway "Caution" sign and the 'plane swung into the post. The metal "prop" neatly cut the sign in half and the plane fell into a ditch. With the "locals" help, I managed to get it out again. All this time the engine was still running!

I had failed to inspect the aeroplane before I left, being so absorbed in getting the motor started. Imagine how I felt when I found the ailerons would not

operate! The control column would move from side to side but the ailerons didn't respond—they were fixed solid. The only thing to do was to point the nose to Moose Jaw and hope for the best, so I taxied around and very shortly, away I went. I got up to about 500 feet when the engine stopped! I did a quick bit of "panicking" and found that the throttle, which was secured by a piece of string, had slipped and swung down, and was hanging loose, so I opened up again and held it open with my knee. The only thing that worked was the air speed indicator on the wing—a piece of tin on a spring which showed me I was doing 90 m.p.h. Eventually I was happy to see Moose Jaw appearing in the distance and so I began to think about landing. Having no ailerons meant only one thing—I must go straight in, so I put the nose down and, once again, hoped for the best. I touched down all right and taxied to the hangar where I was greeted by a jeering mob. I hopped out and got both feet on the ground for which I was truly thankful.

I contacted the Flight Sergeant and asked him to check over the 'plane some time to see what shape it was in. The next day when I came in he asked me if I had been working on it overnight. When I said, "No," he asked me if I was absolutely sure. "Quite sure," I replied. "You haven't touched a thing?" he asked unbelievably. "No, of course I haven't—why?" "Well, sir," he replied, "there's not a single split pin on the whole aeroplane, and you can push the bolts out of the aileron hinges with your fingers!" Believe me, I was shaken.

On further examination the fuselage was found to contain two duck eggs, a piece of gauze for cleaning saucepans, a monkey wrench, a road map and a newspaper dated 1928.



JOE — by Walker

JAPAN—The Inside Story

(This article is adapted from the lecture given to the Discussion Group by Squadron-Leader W. Scott Morton, Chaplain at Swift Current. S/Ldr. Morton spent two years in Japan and five more in the Orient, and can therefore be considered an authority on the subject. As the facts given are of current interest, they have been reproduced here.)

IN order to understand clearly the situation in the Pacific, it is first necessary to have some idea of the state of affairs in Japan and the relation of the various elements of the community to each other.

The constitution is similar to our own, insofar as they have a House of Commons and a House of Peers, but the Army and Navy are not under government control, being directly responsible to the Emperor and appointing their own ministers. The politicians are now united in one party and the liberals have almost disappeared, but, as opposed to the other two axis powers, the struggle for supremacy still goes on.

The Emperor is part and parcel of the religion of the country, supposedly descended from the Sun-Goddess throughout the centuries down to the present day, but he himself is not considered so supreme, but that for which he stands. It is difficult for us to accept the Japanese idea of religion as they do not make such a marked distinction between the supreme and the human being, but it is enough to say that they do not question the Emperor's decisions and consider he can do no wrong.

The Navy is modelled on our own, and although at one time it was very conservative, it is now wholeheartedly behind the national effort. The Army is, of course, political, and its officers are drawn from the peasant class rather than the business section of the community. It is, in some ways, very democratic, and is intensely loyal to the Emperor, although it is unofficially known that they have pressed him into decisions to further their own ends.

Big Business is concentrated in a few wealthy families, and due to the mushroom-like growth of Japanese industry, they are not content to make reasonable profits over a long period, being all-out for large profits in the shortest possible time, and in doing so they are

damaging the country's resources. Business is tied up with the Army, but acts as a buffer to the military clique, as it is realised that if the Army goes too far, it would cause irreparable harm to the country's industry and commerce.

The ordinary people do not want war, not even a new war in exchange for an old one, but due to their religion and traditions they are solidly behind the government. Their whole idea of government is paternal, and as the country is hermetically sealed by censorship and propaganda, they accept things without question and very few know more than the government choose to tell them.

That, more or less is how matters stand in Japan today. Now for some facts regarding her position in the present conflict. It is probably true to say that Japan went in with the axis because it was her last hope. Had she not done so, she was sunk, and the link with Germany is a last desperate effort to save herself from collapse. There are some 200 Germans in government departments, but despite this it would appear they are not so popular as might be expected, which is a good sign as far as we are concerned. Their merchant marine is powerful and fast, totalling some six million tons. Of this, it has been estimated that two million are required for the Army, and one million can be assumed to be laid up for one reason or another such as repairs, awaiting cargoes, etc., which leaves three million for ordinary use. They need 3,300,000, however, to keep the country going, so it would appear that if our sinking power can exceed their building power, we will have them in an awkward position, especially as their communications lengthen. At present there is a stalemate in China as neither side can attack, and Japan is hoping that she can win the British-American war before she is exhausted and then dictate terms to China as well as to us, thus winning the war against the Chinese

• Continued on page 14



A vintage advertisement for Pilsner beer. The top half features a man in profile on the left, looking up at a large, stylized, glowing 'Pilsner' logo. In the center, a hand holds a bottle of Pilsner beer. To the right, a biplane flies across the sky. Below the bottle, the text 'tops in flavor' and 'tops in popularity' is written in a cursive script. The bottom half of the ad is framed by a black banner with the word 'Pilsner' in a gothic font. Above the banner, the words 'TO OUTSELL' are in a bold, sans-serif font. Below the banner, the words 'MUST EXCEL' are in a bold, sans-serif font. At the very bottom, the text 'THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD.' is printed in a small, sans-serif font.

Pilsner

tops in flavor
tops in popularity

TO OUTSELL

Pilsner

MUST EXCEL

THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD.

BITS and PIECES

By F. F. F.

Spring seems to have hit Mr. Ponsonby with a bang. The other day he was heard to be reciting those famous lines:

*"Violet's are red,
Rose's are blue . . .
This windy weather
Proves that it's true."*

◆

THESE MODERN MISSES.

Golfer (outside club-house): "Just look at that creature! Eton crop, short skirts and a yard long cigarette holder."

Bystander: "Oh! . . . That's my daughter!"

Golfer (confused): "Oh! I beg your pardon . . . of course. . . . I had no idea you were her father!"

Bystander (indignant): "I'm NOT, I'm her MOTHER!!!"

◆

DEFINITION:

A lady is a person who is always thinking of others—but never forgets herself.

◆

"Blessed are the pure," says Mr. Ponsonby, "for they shall inhibit the earth!"

◆

She was only a photographer's daughter—over-exposed, under-developed and fond of a dark room!

◆

PONSONBY PONDERES:

How is it that some people are always in trouble on account of their debts, and others are always in debt on account of their troubles?

THIS MONTH'S HOWLERS:

A Navigator is what a workman wears round his leg to stop the mice running up inside his trousers.

A spectator is a spud full of eyes, and going rotten.

◆

"Every young man should learn to be a good mixer," says a CBC announcer. (Unless, of course, he is doing a Pub crawl.—Ponsonby.)

◆

He may have been an Air Raid Warden, but he couldn't resist the light in her eyes!

◆

First WAAF: "Oh, yes, Jimmy is a great guy, but I think all men are trying, sometimes."

Second WAAF: "All the time, dearie — all the time!"

◆

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

"May I have the afternoon off to go shopping with my wife, please?"

"Certainly not!"

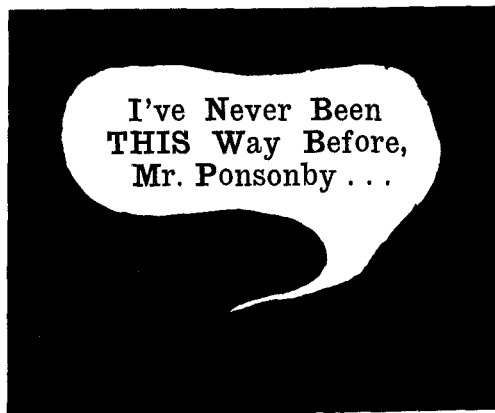
"Thanks!!"

◆

"I don't like the look of that pretty maid you engaged, Harry," said his wife, "so I discharged her this afternoon."

"What!" asked Harry, in a horrified voice, "Without even giving her a chance?"

"No," grimly, "without even giving YOU one!"



"Per Ardua . . ."

A Flying Instructor for Pupils is hunting,
At 08.15 on a lovely Spring day.
He singles out Smith for looping and bunting,
But sorry to say, he finds him away.



For huts must be swept and kits folded neatly,
So Smith was appointed the Knight of the Broom.
The Instructor just smiled, muttered "Trifles won't beat me,"
As he called to the Crew Room, "Send LAC. Groom."

A voice in the corner said, "Groom is on Link, Sir,
And after the Link, he's to see the C.O.;
Some bother with Ground Loops or something, I think, Sir."
The Instructor's smile fades, he calls sharply for Lowe.

But he's not there either, the poor fellow's sickly—
He's away at Sick Quarters with boils on his rear.
The Instructor starts frowning, for time passes quickly,
It's the last day for Sequences, Zero hour's near.

"Well, Snodgrass will do," says he now in anger,
For his threshing manoeuvres just menace the School.
Determined to work he reckons not the danger,
He'd pay with his life to teach the young fool.

But Snodgrass had gone to learn about Signals,
Of Watch Office work, Flag hoisting and things.
The meaning of Wind Socks, Smoke Candles and Dumb-bells,
And answering the phone when the blessed thing rings.

The other Instructors soothe, "Don't let it get yer,"
So he shouts, still determined, for his last pupil, Brown.
Back comes the chorus, "He's on Runway Twitcher."
The Instructor turns pale, it's getting him down.

But hark! That high treble, it's Smith back from cleaning.
He's asking permission to dash in the sky.
If you know what relief is, you'll gather the meaning
Of the Instructor's moist optics and long drawn out sigh.

They climb into a Harvard, check stuff on the panel
And run through the H.T.M.P.F.S.G.
Then a terrible scream and he flies off the handle—
In five minutes time he is due for P.T.!!

—J. S.



JAPAN—The Inside Story

• Continued from page 11

without having defeated them in the field. China has already been seriously hampered since the new war started by having her supply lines (the Burma Road and Hong Kong) cut, and as the Chinese are without materials of war, Japan has been able to withdraw troops for use elsewhere without the risk of the Chinese getting the upper hand. It is true that Japan is short of food, but this can be obtained from China; and that

she is short of materials, but these can be exploited in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. Our strategy, therefore, should be to hold ground and prevent them from using the raw materials in the conquered territories by constant guerilla warfare. Communications will probably be her undoing.

—————*—————

Lt. Kent: "Does the Sergeant know the trench has fallen in?"

Cpl. Jenner: "No, Sir. We're digging him out to tell him."

"Nil Desperandum"



The "Flight," with a sigh, sat down in his chair,
 "My aircraft are off and my conscience is clear,"
 When suddenly, with an ominous clang,
 The bell at his elbow noisily rang.

"The Chief Instructor wants to take the air,
 Have you got any aircraft that you can spare?"
 "About five," says "Flight," "we're above the mark.
 Don't tell other groups, just keep it dark."

"Corporal Snooks!" he cries, "Start number one."
 "I wish I could, but one sparking plug's done,
 And the Stores are locked up, what shall I do?"
 "Just get a move on and start number two."

"But 'Flight,' it drinks up oil by the quart,
 Didn't you get AC. Jenkins' report?"
 "No, I didn't, but I do not care now,
 Start number three, or I'll get in a row."

"Number three's hydraulic has a bubble,
 And even Repairs can't locate the trouble."
 "Oh, gosh!" said "Flight," with a deepening frown,
 "We'll start number four, it won't let us down."

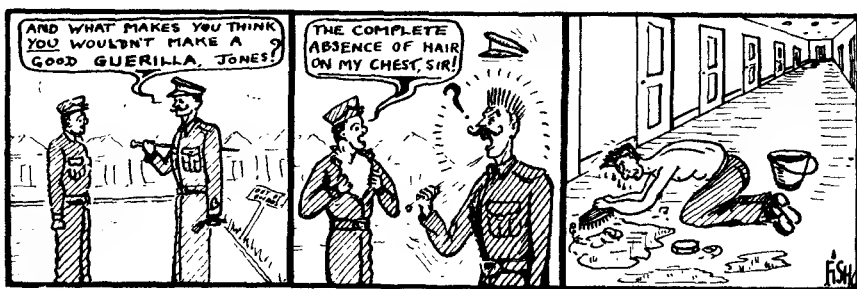
Number four was wheeled out and given a crank,
 Resulting in coughs, a splutter, then blank.
 The "Flight" who had been puffed up with pride
 Was now looking hard for somewhere to hide.

With the speed of despair they dashed to five,
 The last reserve which remained in the hive.
 It started with ease and ran like a bird,
 The sigh from the "Flight" was easily heard.

The checking completed and chocks away,
 The "Flight" thought "An hour can seem like a day,"
 When suddenly the aircraft swung to port
 Accompanied by a hissing report.

The C.I. got out and looked at the kite
 Then asked to speak to the i/c Flight.
 "I don't know what's happened," said AC. Blain,
 "He's tearing his hair as though he's insane."

—G. L. B.



Technical Quiz— ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S QUESTIONS

1. "Positive drag" is the expression used when the air resistance of a radiator is less than the propulsive effort obtained from the jet effect of the expanding air after being heated in the radiator. Careful design of radiator installation is essential to obtain the necessary increase in air velocity on expansion of the heated air. The other propulsive effect is from the engine exhaust gases and is obtained by designing the exhaust manifold to give the maximum velocity increase of the expanding gases.

2. The only advantage in fitting a fully feathering propeller to a Harvard would be the ability to stop the engine in the event of failure and thereby prevent the possibility of further damage to the engine. This advantage would not be considered a practical proposition as engine failures are very few, and the additional weight and cost would be large. On a multi-engined aircraft, a fully feathering propeller would enable one engine to be stopped in the event of failure, thus eliminating the drag of a "windmilling" propeller and enabling the aircraft to maintain flight. At the present time, reversible pitch propellers are only used on some multi-engined flying boats to facilitate their manoeuvre on water. Development is being made in the use of this type of propeller to reduce the speed of dive bombing aircraft and also to decrease the landing run of other aircraft.

3. Flaps are not used to limit speeds when diving because they are designed specifically to increase the lift and to decrease the stalling speed of the main planes, which represent the necessities when landing aircraft. Drag is produced when the flaps are lowered, but the speed must not exceed 120 m.p.h., otherwise overloading will occur. Air brakes as usually used on dive bombing aircraft are fitted some little distance from the trailing edge to obtain a more effective drag and so reduce the area of brake required. These brakes are specially designed to enable them to resist the drag necessary to limit the speed in an almost vertical dive.

4. In addition to adjusting lateral trim, the tabs on the aileron fulfil what is called a "booster" or "Servo" action. The tab is linked to the main plane so that when the aileron is operated the tab moves in the opposite sense, and on meeting the airflow applies a force to the aileron assisting the latter in its initial movement. This Servo principle is not used in the case of the rudder and elevator trimmers. The aileron control tabs are not adjustable from the cockpit because the lateral load distribution is not materially affected in a single-engined aircraft. With a heavier aircraft, lateral trim may be affected by load distribution in the fuselage.

Social Meetings for Wives

Every Thursday afternoon between 2.30 and 4.30 wives of N.C.O's and airmen serving on this unit meet at the Y.W.C.A. in Ominica Street West, where they spend a social afternoon and work in aid of the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. Benevolent Funds.

There is already a large gathering of regular attenders at these meetings, but if there are any who have not yet taken advantage of this opportunity to meet the other wives, a welcome is extended to them. Babies and small children play in a nursery under the supervision of one of the wives.

Mrs. James also has a working party in her home at 1220 First Avenue N.W., every Tuesday afternoon, and would welcome any new workers. Children's garments, etc., are being made for sale privately to Air Force personnel, and for public sale early in June, when a Tea will be held for the benefit of the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. Benevolent Funds.

(Further details of the Tea can be found on page 25 of this issue.—Ed.)

Kitemares

I had often thought that if aircraft could talk, it would be very interesting to hear their remarks on life in general. Then, strangely enough, late one foggy night while I was taking a momentary rest in No. 1 Hangar, I was startled to hear the aircraft on which I was leaning, say, "Whew! I'm tired, can't you lean on your own prop?" Needless to say, I thought that I had been dreaming, but not so, for Aircraft 40 (Jim to his friends) replied, "What are you moaning about, Bill? I took a worse caning than you did today; ten hours of it with hardly a moment's rest, and what's more, most of the time my gyros were gummed up with a cold and my hydraulic system was so stiff after yesterday it could hardly move."

To say that I was amazed was to put it mildly; I was literally rooted to the spot. They had spoken with real American accents and didn't seem to mind my presence. In fact, my leaning on the aircraft seemed to have started an argument, for Aircraft 36 chimed in, "You two can't take it—you need a couple of days' rest down in Repair Squadron and a refreshing Major Inspection."

"I wouldn't go near that place, Alf," replied Jim. "My pilot ground-looped me the other day and broke my leg, and



the way that Repair gang handled me was something awful."

"Oh! They're not so bad," said Bill. "I had a terrible experience about a month ago. My pilot tried to mow the prairie with my prop. He was good, mark you, but not quite good enough—he didn't see a slight rise in the ground. Well, the Repair Section came out and picked me up, and in a very short time they had me patched up and ready for work again. I've never been handled like it before, or since."

"I guess it's all a matter of luck," said Alf, who seemed to have become embarrassed at my presence. "Some treat you well, and some don't, but generally speaking, we could be a lot worse off than here at '32' where they seem to keep an eye on you day and night."

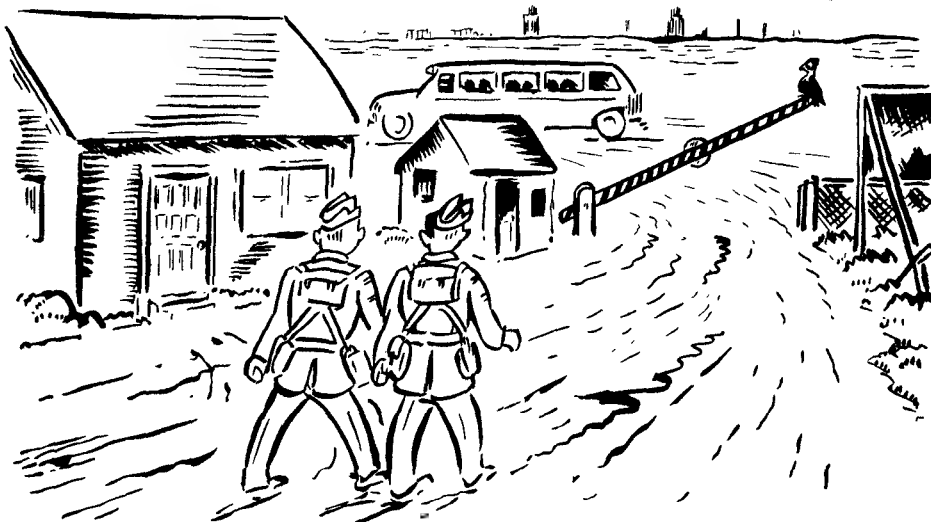
I took the hint and continued on my beat. —G. L. B.

C.O.: "I'll let you off with a fine this time, but another time I'll send you to jail."

Erk: "Sort of weather forecast, Sir?"

C.O.: "What do you mean?"

Erk: "Fine today, cooler tomorrow."



Theme Song—"This Is No Laughing Matter"

Telephonists' Trials, Tribulations and Tips ~ ~

ONLY 51 years ago, the Boston police arrested a "criminal" for "extorting funds from ignorant people by exhibiting a device which he says will convey the human voice over metallic wires".

Today, the telephone has become so important that everyone should pay as strict attention to their telephone manners as they do to their table manners—they are equally important.

In days of yore, to talk to someone, say, five miles away, necessitated the use of horse and buggy and the spending of no few precious hours jogging over the country for maybe a few minutes conversation. Today, it is simply a case of lifting the receiver and asking for a number. But yet, today, if we telephone someone five miles away and happen to get the wrong number, we become quite irate; and if someone gets US with a wrong number, we are quite convinced he or she did it on purpose.

The telephonist's big problem is—why does the telephone bring out the Mr. Hyde in people? Perhaps it is the fact that the telephone is 90% perfect most of the time, and creates an expectation of perfection. If the telephone was not quite so perfect, then maybe we should be more tolerant and appreciate its worth much more.

In an effort to be more reasonable in one's telephone conduct, it has been discovered that a little "telephone sanity" saves much wear and tear on a person's nervous system. Remember—when you next get a wrong number, don't blame the operator and curse him up hill and down dale, remember the old horse and buggy days; if your 'phone should ring, and you discover it to be a wrong number, don't get into a frenzy. The trouble with bad telephone manners is that they start "vicious cycles"—an unjust snarl on the 'phone will cause the recipient to growl at his stenographer or the next person to cross his path, and so on, and on.

Telephone operators are trained to keep cool "under fire", and most of them have an answer ready for the person with a hangover from the night before,

or the person who failed to take Carter's Little Liver Pills, etc. For example: An irate subscriber bellowed, "Am I crazy, or are you?" and the young lady operator answered in honeyed tones, "I'm sorry, sir, but we don't have that information."

There are several easy rules for improving one's telephone technique, and here are a few. First, try to eliminate the word "hello". All telephonists in Canada and the U.S.A. are taught never to use this word. It really doesn't mean a thing, so next time you pick up your receiver, don't yell "Hello. Hello, Hello!" frantically into the mouthpiece—just say "This is Exchange 1234, so-and-so speaking."

Another tip—no matter how impatient you are, do NOT jiggle the receiver bar rapidly—rapid jiggling won't show on the switch board. Move the bar slowly up and down, and a light will keep winking at the operator, attracting his or her attention. If you want to help the operator still further, instead of saying "Plaza four three three four", split the figures and say "Plaza four three—three four". Do NOT shout. Speak naturally and about ½ inch away from the mouthpiece, and if you want to be understood, do not have a mouthful of gum or a cigarette dangling from your lips.

Central operators do not say "FI-IV" for five and "NIYEN" for nine, just for fun. Five is easily mistaken for nine, and Oh and four and eight may get mixed up. Learn to say "FI-IV" and "NIYEN" and "TH-R-EE"—it is good telephone usage and also good manners.

Then there is the Mr. Smith who asks the operator to get him Mr. Brown, then hangs up to wait for the call. Mr. Smith is busy—but so is Mr. Brown, who has instructed "his" operator never to ring his bell unless the calling party is on the line first. The telephone company has a rule that the party "CALLING" should be put on the line first.

So, remember your telephone manners in future—it pays. "Life is not so short that there is not always time for courtesy."

N. P.

"Come, let us speak of famous men."

—Milton.

R. A. F., CANADA:

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

—SHAKESPEARE.

1st ECHELON:

*We only toil, who are the first of things
And make perpetual moan.*

—Tennyson

OFFICERS' QUARTERS:

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell.
A little house whose humble roof
Is weatherproof.

—HERRICK

ANY COMPLAINTS?

*I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good.*

—John Still

NIGHT SHIFT:

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed by sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?

—TENNYSON

WELFARE COMMITTEE:

*And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan.*

—Shakespeare

HOW MANY, FLIGHT SERGEANT?

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow.

—SHELLEY

WEDNESDAY MORNING:

*When all around the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw.*

—Shakespeare

ADVICE TO BACHELORS:

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

—HERRICK

M. T. BARREL:

*I have been laughing, I have been
carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my
bosom cronies.*

—Charles Lamb

MARKERS:

He sings his song twice over,
Lest you think he never could recapture
That first fine careless rapture.

—BROWNING

GROUND STAFF:

*Tomorrow, tomorrow, and tomorrow
Rolls on this endless life from day to day.*

—Shakespeare

REHEARSAL PARADES:

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations:
That is known as the Children's Hour.

—LONGFELLOW

R.O.T.B.

*Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.*

—Shakespeare

(Gathered by T.S.M.G. and T.B.J.)



He: "Do you object to necking?"
She: "That's one thing I have never
done."
He: "What, neck?"
She: "No, object!"



A Few Words From the P.S.I.

By S/LDR. A. J. S. NEGUS

I have been asked to give a few thoughts about the running of the welfare side of the camp, and if I promise (as I do) not to become too statistical, I hope you will read on, as I know that there are still some of you who are a bit hazy about the FACTS.

First then as to the running of the Dry Canteen.

The Y.M.C.A., against their normal policy, and only at the urgent request of the United Kingdom Air Liaison Mission, agreed to operate the Dry Canteen for R.A.F. schools. This means that they do all the donkey work of purchasing, bargaining, selling, bookkeeping and so forth. and forward a cheque for the Service Institute (commonly known as the P.S.I.) Account monthly. This, of course, varies in amount, but is normally about 10% of the turnover, which, I think all will agree, is very handsome compared with the 6% from the N.A.A.F.I. at home.

Next as to prices; these are agreed between myself and the Y.M.C.A., but remember that we are all fallible and also that I can't be in two places at once, so if you think you have a moan give the details to a member of the Canteen Committee and tell him to let me know quickly.

Now as to where the money goes: A goodly slice is swallowed up monthly in extra messing, which was recently increased to \$350 per month and is spent on cereals for breakfast, sauces to lubricate the mincer's efforts, extra fresh fruit and vegetables, such delicacies as hearts, kidneys, livers (which are rather indelicately designated "offals"), jelly and custard powder and the like.

Another constant drain is Sports in all their aspects—the Sports subscriptions raised are barely sufficient to cover purchase and replacement of equipment, leaving nothing for prizes, transport and entertainment of teams, etc.

Capital expenditure in recent months has included:

Four billiard Tables (approx.)	\$1,500.00
Covering Tables in Dining Hall (approx.)	130.00
Providing and re-covering Settees and Chairs (approx.)	550.00
Extra Equipment for serving Suppers (approx.)	270.00
New Projection and Sound Apparatus for Cinema	350.00
Theatre type tip-up Chairs for Cinema	1,000.00
Electric Irons for Barrack Rooms	60.00
New Curtains for Canteens	75.00

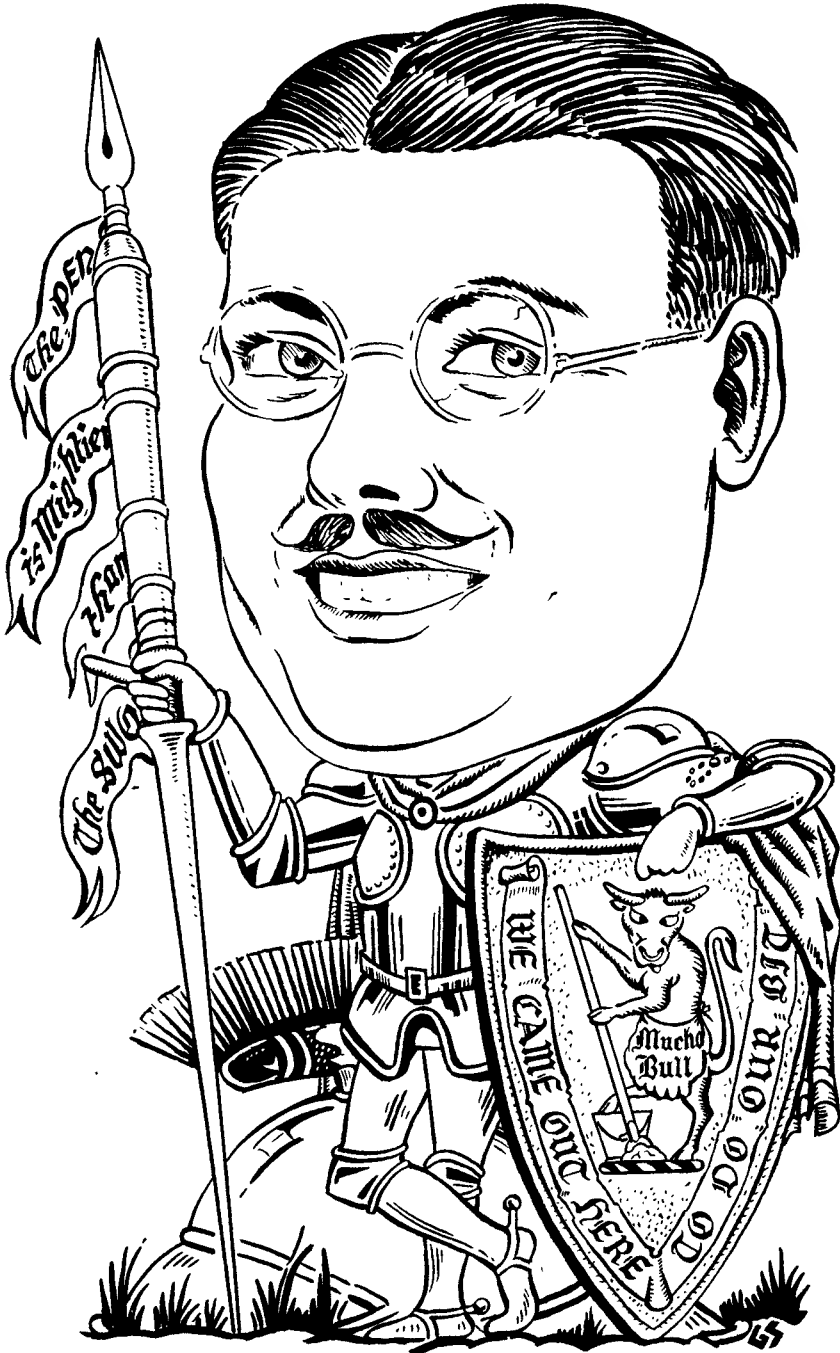
Before closing, I should like to ask every airman to consider whether he has any constructive suggestion to make for the improvement of amenities on the Camp. If he has, I hope he will immediately tell a member of the Canteen Committee so that I can hear about it.

For instance, Suppers have not proved the roaring success that I had hoped they would be; in fact, the turnover does not at present justify the cost of labour in providing them. What is the reason? I do not believe that price is the only one and obviously prices cannot be reduced much further unless there is a very substantial increase in turnover.

The members of the Canteen Committee are as follows: Cpl. Gibbons, LAC. Williams, Cpl. Boak, LAC. Jameson, Cpl. Parker, Cpl. Cooper, LAC. Rose.



Potted Personalities—No. 10



LAC. J. W. GODFREY

Obituary



"Shorty" is dead. Shall I tell you why?
You'd like to know? Then I'll have a try!

'Twas this way, then. One sunny day
The glad news came. The Boat was here!
And with a boisterous Hooray,
All "32" let out a cheer.

"The Boat! The Boat!!" the cry went round,
"The Boat has come!" Oh! What a sound
Of revelry there was that day,
Ne'er were Erks so blithe and gay!

"A Kit inspection, straight away,"
The C.O. cried, "without delay!"
"O.K.," cried Mac, the SWO. with glee,
And promptly sent for his stalwarts three.

The Kit inspection took no time,
All kits were soon laid out in line.
No one deficient (or if they were,
What mattered it? They didn't care!)

In Moose Jaw town the tears fell fast,
The dreaded blow had come at last!
But some just laughed with fiendish glee,
(The envious lads of the K.O.R.C.!)

Regina first, then Manitoba,
And then around "Superior" blue.
Ontario—and Erks still sober!
(Wasn't it a shaky do?)

And now the Port! At last we're here!
Hear all the lads let out a cheer . . .
Smiles so bright light British faces,
On their way to British places.

"Fall in to right and face the Boat!"
What welcome cry was that we heard?
Then "Call the roll" —O welcome note,
(As if we could be late! Absurd!)

"Pile in and find a cabin, boys,"
The purser cried—a friendly guy.
The air was filled with welcome noise,
Our spirits soaring, hopes were high.

Some days at sea—then land ahead,
Old England on the starboard side!
"Oh, boy! Oh, boy!" young "Shorty" said,
Thinking of his bonny bride. . .

He started then to bump and bore
The crowd that lined the starboard rail,
To get a glimpse of England's shore. . .
Thus comes the end to this sad tale.

You know the rest—you've heard before:
The crowd divided to let him pass.
He tumbled on the billet floor,
And broke his neck, the silly ass.

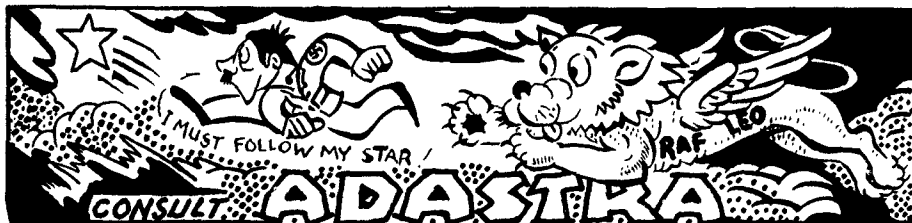
The Moral to this tale of woe
Is obvious, as all should know. . .
"Don't dream about the boat,"—'tis said,
"Unless you sleep on a bottom bed!!"

—FISH.

Technical Terms Illustrated



THREE-POINT LANDING



ALL PROBLEMS ON LOVE, ASTROLOGY, DIVINATION, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, ETC., ANSWERED

GERTIE FROM GULL LAKE WRITES:—What do you know about alcohol, and can you give me any advice pertaining to it?

ANSWER: I refuse to be drawn out in this connection. However, from readings, it is possible to propound the following from two interested sources:

THE TEMPERANCE MAN

Alcohol is a narcotic
It lets you down
It slows you down
It has no food value
It reduces body temperatures
It is a poison

THE DISTILLER

So what!
Likewise a parachute.
Men have been known to run to obtain it.
What is this—Smoke—or a corporation?
Just right for the Indian Summer.
But it's nice.

Apart from this illustration, I once knew of an old man who died at ninety-four years of age drinking a bottle of whisky. It was apparent his sight had failed him and he swallowed the cork—such was the Coroner's verdict!

★ ★

ALICE FROM ATHABASCA WRITES:—Is it correct to speak of mental telepathy as it is to speak of sweet sugar?

ANSWER: This would appear to be the extra sensory perception of a mental strip tease artist, as sugar today is rarer than telepathy, or is farther away from telepathy than Vichy is from Madagascar. A study of your Aspect chart, and consideration of Mars constellations with Aries the Ram, indicates your outlook is black, so beware of negroes. If you are desirous of further information, send particulars of your grandmother's birth date, stating if she was a violinist—you appear to have been strung along—and a cheque for twenty-five dollars.

PINING FROM PENNSYLVANIA WRITES:—I have just read of a case of your keen analysis of a problem entitled "Saturn Square v. Venus Equals—half-time score 2-1". It hit the case of myself and husband perfectly. In view of the fact that he proposes joining the Air Force, what is the outlook for me?

ANSWER: You have here a Cosmic cross that is full of dynamite, and as Gemini's son is directly an ascendant on Virgo's house in the 15th parallel, your score should be about 5 all, allowing for the fact that airmen are not sailors, and do not have a wife on every airport (some airports are definitely out on the desert!)
—E. Z.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW...

Who, for the benefit of D.R.O.'s determines when a radiator becomes "enormous"?

What is the name of the airman who arrived in town on horseback the other week-end?

Who is the Senior N.C.O. who is now one of Regina's "400"? Did he enjoy seeing his name in the Society column of the "Leader" and will he expend a taxi fare next time to get to the C.Y.C.?

What is "a pair of scribes"? Whereabouts in the vocab. can they be found?

Why has a certain Flight Sergeant been rechristened "Crasher"?

Did the LAC., searching with bland indifference, find his nickel between the duckboards? Is it true he found a dime, and is he contemplating placing all his money there next pay day, just in the hope it will double itself?

Who was the airman who, on diving on top of an officer in the Natatorium, said, "Sorry, old boy"?

WIVES WORK FOR CHARITY

Tea and Sale of Work To Be Held June 6th

On another page in this issue is an announcement concerning the meetings held by wives of R.A.F. personnel at the Y.W.C.A., but this gives no idea of the amount of work these ladies are doing.

For many months now they have been meeting and working, and the results of their efforts will be on view on Saturday, June 6th, when a Tea and Sale of Work is to be held in the Canadian Legion Home, High Street West, between 3 and 6 p.m.

As the proceeds will be devoted to the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. Benevolent Funds the occasion is one that should have the support of every officer and airman on the Station, and it is hoped particularly that every wife resident in Moose Jaw will make a point of keeping this date open and put in an appearance at the hall. Remember, ladies, it is *your* annual event.

Tickets will be on sale at 25 cents each for adults and 5 cents each for children, and this charge will cover admission and tea. If, however, any prefer not to take tea, they may use the value of their tickets to purchase goods at the stalls.

It is expected that permission will be given for the Station orchestra to be in attendance throughout the afternoon.

Many of us will remember the splendid results obtained from a similar function last year, but the ladies are hoping to do even better this year.

Let us all assist them to this end. Let us turn up in force—and take our friends.

DID YOU SEE IT?

The following is an extract from an account of a wedding appearing in the local paper recently: "... the full skirt fell gracefully to the floor."

What a to-do!

A Slipstream at Caron

A fire engine was the downfall of "Butch," late Station mascot, and we have received information from a reliable source that a fire engine has also proved the downfall of the late "Butch's" next-of-kin.

We have been unable to obtain the full facts of the case, but we understand that, whereas "Butch" was bumped off beneath the wheels of the engine, his next-of-kin was almost drowned.

Apparently the fire brigade at No. 33 E.F.T.S., Caron, was attending a fire, and one of the firemen accidentally (we hope) directed the stream of water at a well known former member of this Unit.

The result was disastrous, for the pressure of water threw him flat on his back. We are wondering whether the showers at Caron are still under construction, or if the victim was acclimatizing himself in readiness for the opening of the Natatorium.

Catastrophe in Clothing Stores

Generous Store Basher

Clothing Stores, Recently—

"If the cap fits—wear it," or alternatively, "We will give you the clothes we stand in," is the new slogan for the Clothing Stores Section at this Unit.

The appearance of personnel on the Camp has improved considerably in the past two weeks, due to the increased output in new uniforms. Few realize, however, that this has been at great sacrifice by the Stores staff—or at least by one Senior N.C.O.

Recently, when old "blue" was tumbling over the counter, and new "blue"

• Continued on page 27



Opening Game in Services Soccer League

PLAYED IN MOOSE JAW,
6th MAY, 1942

Casuals (32 S.F.T.S.) v.
Nomads (33 E.F.T.S)

(ABOVE): Rival Captains before the kick-off. (Left to right) LAC. Lafford (32), Sgt. Scott (referee), and Cpl. Spillsbury (33).



(RIGHT) Mr. H. Carson Buchanan kicks off while Alderman Heming looks on approvingly.

(RIGHT) The kick-off. (Left to right) LAC. Thurgood, Cpl. Boothroyd and LAC. Yarker, all of 32 S.F.T.S.



(Photos by LAC. Read)

CARON CLICKS

Service Soccer League Opens at Moose Jaw

6th May, 1942—The opening game in the newly formed Southern Saskatchewan Soccer League, comprising R.A.F. teams from Moose Jaw, Caron, Estevan, Weyburn and the R.C.A.F., Mossbank, took place at the Central Collegiate Campus, Friday night.

A large crowd of enthusiastic fans saw Alderman Heming, of the City Recreation Committee, place the ball for Mr. Carson Buchanan, chairman of the War Services Auxiliary Association, to set the leather rolling for the 1942 season.

The names of the rival teams—Casuals (32 S.F.T.S.) and Nomads (33 E.F.T.S.) are a tribute to amateur soccer in the land where the game reigns supreme as the sport of the masses.

The Nomads managed to carry the day by scoring the only goal of the match. Territorially, the Casuals had more of the play than the more direct and nipper Nomads, but it's goals that count. In contrast, the Casuals were more laboured in their movements. Otherwise, there was little between the teams in actual playing skill. It was a good clean sporting contest in keeping with the highest traditions of British sportsmanship.

It is too soon yet to expect first class team work, and for an opening game the fare was good. Once the lads settle we shall see a more sparkling and keener brand of Soccer.

The Services Soccer League looks like the answer to the craving for football which will raise the standard of sport and encourage good healthy rivalry between men who want to "play the game for the game's sake," and the promotion of organized Soccer on such a scale should also help instill a desire in the youth of Canada to adopt Soccer as a national game.

R.A.F. Big Game Hunters

It is believed that Frank Buck, famous wild animal hunter, has at last met his match in one of No. 32's airmen. The fearless skill of the R.A.F. hunters was proved lately, when a party of airmen was on duty on the prairie lands. The story, as far as is known, is as follows:

Finding that their duties were delayed through lack of conveyance, the party decided to hunt some animals, and truth to tell, they "brought 'im back alive" to prove their skill.

Elaborate preparations were made, the trap was set, and a lion-hearted corporal volunteered to act as trigger man. After a few suspenseful moments, the beast emerged cautiously from his lair, sniffing tentatively at the air. It came further out into the open, and gave the corporal the chance he was waiting for.

With a steady finger and a steady eye, he pulled the string tight, and the noose draped round the hole, tightened about the shoulders of the gopher—he was trapped! We understand the victim was kept on the leash and brought back alive. We are not aware whether efforts to tame him have proved successful.

Catastrophe in • Continued

tumbling over in the opposite direction, the Equipment Assistants were working at break-neck speed—in fact, so zealously that one rather overdid things. After the last airman had departed, gazing in awe and adoration at his new uniform, Sgt. D.— was throwing fifteen different kinds of fits in Stores, verging from a pale green to heliotrope with tarta spots. One of his satellites had issued his (the Sergeant's) cap and cap badge complete to an airman.

Rumours of an impending identification parade are entirely unfounded, though we are not in a position to state whether or not the cap and badge were returned.

Boxing Revival

"Nippy" Nichols Knows How

The victories of the boxers from "32" at the contest staged at 39 S.F.T.S., Swift Current, on April 23, 1942, should go a long way towards stimulating a revival of the "noble art" amongst the Prairie Flyers.

Of the quartette from this Station, three were matched and two of them were victorious.

The highlight of the evening was the whirlwind victory gained by AC. Nichols (Servicing), who pranced into the ring like a ripsnorting broncho a-raring to go—and he did go. The fight had barely run 25 seconds when the wiry Nichols had his Canadian opponent stretched as flat as the Prairie. Two nifty smacks from the Nippy Nichols saw the "39" nominee with a "Swift Current" flowing from his nose, and he sure took some "raisin." It was pie for the Prairie Flyer. The only regret of those in attendance was that they didn't see more than a sample of Nichols' craft. He seemed capable of knocking the ring out of the Drill Hall.

The other champion was AC. Hughes (Maintenance), the classy little Welsh bantam weight, who won a decision over the three rounds.

The team challenge was provided by the lads from Caron, who lost to Swift Current by two points—finally tally being 14-12. Unfortunately, they had to concede two points in a bout in which they were unable to field their man, due to illness. A win here would have made them champions with a one-point lead.

It was a well-organized and good, clean sporting show in which miniature cups and medals were awarded. We offer "39" our congratulations, but with all due respect to the main contestants, the contingent from "32", and those lads at Swift Current who were formerly at Moose Jaw, were disappointed. Several asked, "Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?" Had those reputed boxers, such as Walker and Brown and the others, who displayed their prowess at

Three-Man Submersible

32's Experimental Underwater Craft?

In a back water on Moose Jaw Creek, a great wetness enveloped three worthy Corporals from No. 32. Was it history in the making? A Prairie Flyer representative was fortunate in securing a few facts concerning the affair.

The crew of three set out in their craft one recent sunny afternoon, and all went well. Spray rather disturbingly soaked their tunics, so these were folded up neatly and placed in the bottom of the craft to keep them dry. After a spell the three Corporals decided that a smoke was called for, so they moored the vessel and clambered ashore.

When they were ready to proceed on their journey up the creek, two of the crew took their places, and the third pushed from the bank. He pushed with a will, and with consequent disastrous results . . . the canoe, with its gallant crew, slid gracefully under the waves, while the third member absent-mindedly stepped into the canoe that wasn't there.

Canoe, coats and odds and ends were salvaged, and the trio took to the bank, where they bedecked the bushes and trees with uniforms, shirts and various assorted items of men's underwear, striped and otherwise. On interview,

• *Continued on following page*

previous contests, been in the "32" team, the feeling is that the Prairie Flyers would have stood a good chance of collecting the Championship Trophy. There is still time. There'll come another day, and "32" has the talent. The Caron people are dubious about this and they have issued a challenge. Will the Prairie Flyers pick up the gauntlet?

Boxing needs a coach who is "Grim" and willing to "Wade" into it—and the Prairie Flyers have him. So if you would hit out for "32", contact Sergeant Grimwade.

Entertainment

If variety is the spice of life we've been having more seasoning to flavour our entertainment fare.

A good relish was provided by the Ukrainian Society of Moose Jaw, at the Station Cinema on 22nd April, 1942, such as some of us have never before had the pleasure of experiencing. A large cock-tail of music, song, and dance, of a novel character, in a colourful and charming way, was the free contribution served up by the Ukrainians. The string orchestra and choir renderings of typically native melodies, and the folk dancing which is so characteristic of these music loving people, were something unique to us. The soul stirring and rousing strains of Cossack airs, combined with the carefree lilt and rapture of their dancing, had us spellbound. The cast which performed to a "full house" was enthusiastically applauded. They filled a breach in the life of we "theatre going" people. The sponsors are to be congratulated on their services, which are given so spontaneously for charities. It was evident that they revel in these shows. The music used by them for Russian numbers, was only produced on script from the lingering melodies carried by immigrants from the Ukraine. It was a notable and noble effort—truly "hand made" from start to finish.

We would pay tribute to Mr. A. Mose of Moose Jaw, who compered the show; Mr. Strzelecki, the producer, indeed the "maestro," and all who took part in this first rate performance. We look forward to the privilege of having them back with us again.

More variety which was thoroughly enjoyed, was the address on "Photographic Technique" by Mr. Richard Bird, of Bird Films, Regina. The Station Camera Club made a good catch when they secured this "Rare Bird." He gave us a most instructive and amusing talk on the technique of "shooting films," which was illustrated by coloured classic examples of the art. We did not realize there was so much to camera work. The "Stills" of Prairie Scenes, particularly sunsets with elevators in the foreground looking like cathedrals, "Prairie Cathedrals," as Mr. Bird called them, were masterpieces. His films on "Bird Life" were amazing, and proved that "Dick-

Bird" really has an affinity with the "feathered world." He certainly exhibited a tremendous amount of tact and perfect patience in collaring these "shots." Our camera enthusiasts have something to work on now, and if they can secure anything approaching the results obtained by the lecturer, we will be pleased to put on a special show, "What I Shot—And How!"

If you feel "Choralikey" there's a place for you in the Station Male Voice Choir. Our leader, F/Lt. Wight assures us that even base sounding bass singers are welcome. It's the "tenor of your ways" he is concerned with, and if these should incline towards music why not join the choir? There's heaps of room for everyone, be they altos, tenors, baritones or basses. "Sing out and you're in!"

Our Station Concert Party has not been idle either. It is working hard on rehearsals for a new show which is billed for 19th and 20th May, in the Station Cinema.

As to Station Dances, we haven't abandoned this regular monthly feature, but work in the Cinema has temporarily deprived us of the use of our ballroom. These will be resumed at an early date. If you want to dance to the strains of the Station Dance Band, which is being led by LAC. Knibb, why not patronize the fortnightly "Hops" at the Canadian Legion Hall, Moose Jaw? This venture is being run by Station personnel. Tickets (60 cents to admit two) may be purchased from Sgt. Frazer, Corporal Cooper (the originator), and Corporal Deeks. Bring "Her" along. You are assured of a good social evening. It's your Dance, so why not support it? We'll be seeing you with your dancing partner, at the Legion, on Saturday, the 16th.

Three-Man

• Continued

they stated that trotting around in the raw has too many disadvantages, but that they gained much experience in hide and seek, especially when the seekers comprised members of the fairer sex, totally unaware of the panicking trio nearby.

It was found later that the uniforms, dried by the sun, had shrunk considerably—some six inches of leg being exposed.

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015 42

Sports CHATTER . . .

by "CABER"

There'll always be an England where there's a playing field, and wherever there's a playing field there will be a football, and wherever there's a football, the Soccer hounds will find it. Take the the Prairies—the hard baked ground, the dust, the sun, the grasshoppers and the mosquitoes—despite all this you'll find the Briton lashing the leather. It's life and death to him.

The popularity of the game is exemplified by the number of pairs of football boots sent by the Red Cross to British war prisoners in Germany—2,000 pairs since the start of the year, sufficient to equip 180 teams. On our own Camp alone, there's more than a fifth of the Station strength on the list of the registered players, and they are right "on side" now with a fourteen team league, which is under way. In addition, the Station is represented in the Services League by Casuals and Corinthians. We have had a taste of what we are up against in the Caron Nomads, who beat Casuals in the opening league match of the season by the only goal of the game. With seven teams in the league, covering Moose Jaw, Caron, Mossbank, Estevan and Weyburn, all R.A.F. Stations but Mossbank, there should be some really good tussles for the championship. It's a "Prairie Oyster," and we hope to find the "Pearl."

At one time "32" were the Pioneers and the Big Shots in Saskatchewan, but it's different now. We are up against something, but that's what we, and every football fan, crave for. Good clean competitive Soccer. There are the makings of a real cup competition to embrace all the teams in the Province, and we hope that this can be arranged. We may not have Wembley, Hampden, Twickenham or Lords, but we have the talent for first class soccer right here in Saskatchewan and we'll get it—you bet!

Before leaving the Soccer field, we would request that all personnel make a point of returning kit immediately after use. If the maximum service is to be gained, and this is essential, the Sports Section cannot be expected to keep shirts, etc., clean and still meet all demands unless each and every man co-operates.

Another point: if games are to be cancelled the Sports Officer must be advised in time to allow him to contact the referee. Finally, make a point of having a representative at the Sports meetings which are held in the large Canteen every Monday at 13.00 hours.

We bade *au revoir* to Ice Hockey at the Commercial League banquet on 30th April, when S/Ldr. Foster, representing "32" presented the Station Trophy to the League. Take note, you C.P.R. Expressmen—it's only on loan. When we get through with our Soccer we will be back next season to stake our claim.

The men who entered the ring for "32" at Swift Current brought credit to the Station. We are proud to acclaim A.C. Nichols (Servicing), the only contestant in the tournament to score a K.O., as one of our fistic heroes. A special

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Sports Chatter

• Continued

report on the meeting appears in the News Section.

If you can swim, let's see how, and if you can't, we'll show you how. Step along to the Natatorium any Thursday evening between 13.00 and 20.00 hours. The Pool has been specially reserved for our Club. We hope to give swimming instruction, hold periodic races and promote water polo. Dive into it now and prepare yourself for the "Big Splashes" when the tide comes in. The Mounties at Regina will be glad to have us in their palatial pool for a friendly joust at any time.

If you would like to "strike" for soft-ball, see Mr. Walling of the "Y"—he is handling the "diamond demons."

Can anyone suggest a substitute for golf balls? We might try an imaginary ball, as most folks do anyway. In fact, there's some truth in the old saying that

golf is a good walk wasted when you have to nurse a ball around with you. But why not be like St. Peter and St. Thomas Aquinas, who were having a game one heavenly morn! St. Peter's first drive was right up to the cup for a hole in one. St. Thomas brandished his celestial club, stepped up to the tee and drove a hole in one also. "All right," said Peter, "now let's cut out the miracles and get down to work!" Never mind the work, lay on the miracles, spare the balls and give the Sports Section a break.

On checking stock in the Sports Stores recently, we found one of those dinky little cricket caps marked P.C.C. (we must play cricket now!). Some one suggested P.C.C. stood for Prairie Cricket Club—quite possible, too. We noticed that the insignia beneath the initials comprised a shovel, no doubt to clear the sand away from the wicket! Nevertheless, we hope to have cricket and outdoor tennis, too. If you have any knowledge of construction of pitches or courts please contact the Sports Officer.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW . . .

What, to two LAC's and their friends, was so interesting in a corn elevator that they missed the train? How much did the taxi cost?

How true is the rumour that an elderly green 'bus was the original truck used by Noah for transporting timber with which he built the Ark?

What is the name of the airman who, in an endeavour to see just how far he

could hit a golf ball, took a terrific swipe, wrapped the club around his neck, swung himself off his feet, finished up in the horizontal position and lost his ball in the bargain?

Is it true that a certain airman on a charge said he had been "abolished" by his Section Commander?

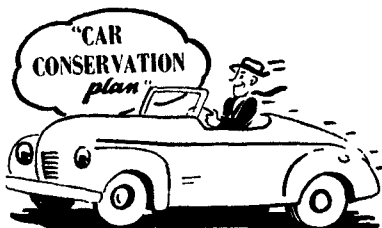
And then again, there's the Scot who got spats for Christmas, and took them back to have soles and heels put on them.

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• SECTION NEWS

No. 3 Group Hangar Sweepings

Once again the doors of No. 3 Hangar are opened wide and the usual hot air spouts out.

With the blossoms of Spring come the usual "Boat" rumours and one of the "erks" still insists that it will be "built and engineered" by a very famous namesake of his.

Many of the lads are sweating on getting back on "Ops" and one of them has been getting "his hand in" on camouflage—guaranteed to be visible from the other side of the Channel! Never mind, Wally, the old hand has not lost all its cunning. And by the way, Joe, "daylight sweeps" have nothing to do with hangars and brooms!

It seems that the "Panzer Division" in No. 4 Hangar will have to be stopped. They have quite enough "lebensraum" as it is. However, they have lost their best weapon now that George has moved it off. It was great propaganda!

We had one of the "BIG" men from the M.T. Section up here recently. He took a trip in one of our "kites" and great fun was had by all! The lad who strapped him in remarked how amazing it was that so much was held down by so little! The aircraft was seen wallowing around with a decided tail-heavy appearance, but from the operations all aircraft returned safely!

Those among us who are expecting that pilot's course are now "on the top line", and some of our instructors are beginning to develop that hunted look. Did one of them comply with a request to do an outside loop? And who was going to "shake" whom? "Tank driving", it seems, makes 'em tough!

Since the lads have failed to rally round with suggestions, "Sweepings" this month must be scanty. "Two-Six" on those bright ideas, blokes! Make "Bigger and Brighter Sweepings" your motto!

Minors' Monthly

This, it is hoped, will be the first of a regular monthly contribution to the Station mag. from the "Minors" section. Members of this department desirous of assisting by contributing odd pieces of "Gen" will be very welcome. It is your spot in the magazine, Minors, so keep it going.

Made in Canada! The Stork recently paid visits to the homes of Cpl. and Mrs. Williams and AC. and Mrs. Blythe. Our congratulations are extended to both these members of our section and to their wives. At the same time, our best wishes go to AC. Strong, until quite recently one of our members but now with the Flights. He joins the straphangers on the "Honeymooners' Special".

This is still the place where all the work is done, but time is found occasionally for a spot of Hangar Hockey, with "Ginger" defending the drip-tray end. The arrival of an N.C.O. promptly swaps the sticks for brooms. Enquiries for assistants to help clean the "deck" invariably bring the reply, "They won't wear it"! However, broom pushing will

keep our hands in for the time when we return to our old "Civvy Street" jobs!

We are considering requesting the "Sparks" section to display a yellow flag, disc or ball, whenever they are around the cockpits. When Jock says, "Fitterrrr, I wanna trrry a starrttrrr" it is time for us to give "bags of rrrroom"!

This section is badly in need of a large capacity, unspillable inkwell, a couple of good pen nibs and a fresh supply of blotting paper for the Flight Desk. All efforts to keep the pot full, the nibs serviceable and the blotting pads usable, are of no avail. We wonder if some of us would do well to take a few lessons in neatness—a glance at the sheets would indicate an affirmative answer!

Would the Oil Department like us to supply permanently a couple of hefty lads for hauling and tugging full barrels onto their bench? We believe our 30 minutes of P.T. gives us all the exercise we require, but our "Help your neighbour" policy compels us to lend our brawn with a minimum of moaning.

• SECTION NEWS

+ Life in the SICKERY

The Sunlamp is no longer the order of the day. It has been superseded by a machine for hair restoring. We have been unable to obtain one of these super jobs for the Sickery as yet, but are given to understand that there is one on the Unit which we may obtain on loan should any of our customers require a course of treatment.

Business has been very brisk since the beginning of the month—bags of mumps and sick leave flying about. We were sorry to disappoint so many folks who had “a slight swelling and thought they had better report it,” but unfortunately gumboils don’t produce sick leave!

A word to our regular customers. As much as we like to comply with your wishes, we would ask you all to refrain from reporting to the Office before Sick Parade and demanding to be seen first so that you can get back to work immediately. We realise how ANXIOUS all of you are to get back to duty quickly, but do try and bear with us if you have to

wait a little while before being seen by the M.O.

As requested by the powers-that-be, a number of “erks” have been examined at the Sickery, but we have to report that not in one instance did we find that any of them have two left arms or legs, so someone must have been mistaken after all!

We have been wondering why our Jock has been looking so worried recently. Having made discreet inquiries, we find that a little golden ring has changed hands. Well! Well! all we have to say is, “It’s June in January.”

We are seriously considering opening a branch Sickery at the “Nat”; we hear so many times of people having slight heart attacks, etc., and complaining that their Medical Advisers were not on hand at the time.

We entertained our S.M.O. at the Games Night a short while ago. He has since been negotiating for the purchase of a Shove Ha’penny Board.

And now we have no more to say to you this month, so cheerio, and gallons of Mist. Expect!

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E	■	■	T	E	N	O	R	■	■	A
N	■	N	E	A	T	R	Y	E	■	Y

The prize of \$1.00 for the first correct solution opened has been awarded to:

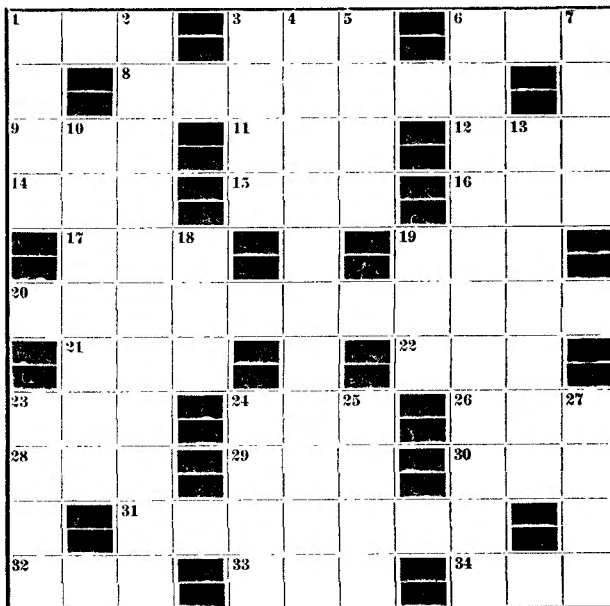
F/SGT. R. CHURCH
No. 32 S.F.T.S.,
Moose Jaw.

Crossword Competition—No. 10

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive before June 1, 1942, to

"The Prairie Flyer",
No. 32, S.F.T.S.,
Moose Jaw,

marking the envelope "X-word".



Clues Across

1. Matter.
3. Eaten.
6. Epitaph.
8. Fighting with us.
9. Self.
11. Cost.
12. Mixed up in 20 across.
14. Anagram of 12 across.
15. Little rascal.
16. Drink.
17. Is in France.
19. Part of 13 down.
20. "Nice bare lot" (anagram).
21. Burden.
22. Tool.
23. Affirmative.
24. Rest.
26. Number.
28. Small forms of publicity.
29. Fuss.
30. Girl's name.
31. Hell.
32. Charge this girl.
33. Before.
34. Born.

Clues Down

1. Excuse.
2. Annie Laurie was one (two words).
3. Name.
4. Bring him down! (two words).
5. Profound.
6. "Italian tore" (anagram).
7. No dirt here!
10. Welcomed.
13. Permitted and apparently everybody was in debt!
18. Short American State.
19. Women soldiers.
23. Vegetables.
24. Strongroom.
25. Ripped.
27. Part of a church.

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Can YOU Solve These?

1. Sexton Blake wanted another man on his staff. He reduced the numerous applicants to three who appeared equally good on paper and then called these three for interview. They were Brown, Jones and Smith. After seeing them individually he was still unable to pick the best man, so he called them together and explained that he was going to set them a simple intelligence test and that the winner would get the job. The test was as follows:—The three men were placed in a small circle, facing inwards so that each could see the other two. Blake told them, "I am going to blindfold all three of you. I shall then mark a cross on each of your foreheads, using either blue or white chalk. On the word 'Go!' you are to remove the bandages from your eyes, and each of you is to look at the crosses on the other two men's foreheads. If you can see either one or two *blue* crosses you are to put up your right hand immediately. You will not be able to see in which colour your own forehead is marked, but you are to try to deduce as quickly as possible, from the behaviour of the other men, with what kind of cross you have been marked." He then blindfolded them and marked *all three* with blue crosses. As soon as the bandages were removed each man, seeing two blue crosses, naturally shot up his right hand. There was a pause for a few seconds, and then Brown said, "I have a blue cross on my forehead and I can prove it, because"

What was Brown's explanation? Remember that it is a logical deduction and not a matter of guesswork.

— ◇ — ◇ —

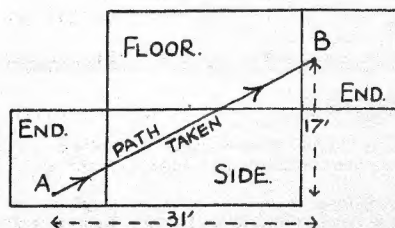
2. Flight Sergeant Blank detailed AC. Plonk to arrange ten aircraft so that there appeared to be five lines of four. Plonk was a bright chap, and after wrestling with the problem for a few minutes found he could do it. Could you?

— ◇ — ◇ —

3. Probably most of you have seen this one before, but it is worth repeating:—A water lily is planted in the exact centre of a circular pond—diameter five feet. The lily grows and doubles itself in area every 24 hours. At the end of 15 days it has covered exactly half the area of the pond. How long will it take to cover the pond, assuming it grows at the same rate?

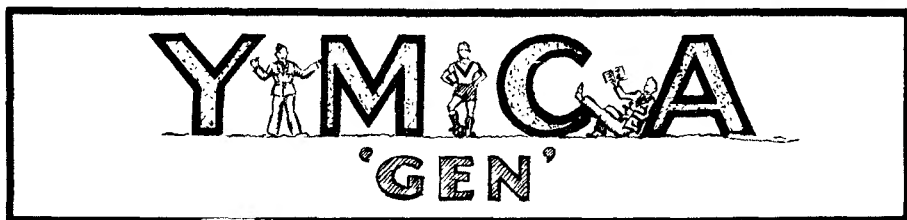
ANSWERS NEXT MONTH.

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES



1. SPIDER AND FLY. The diagram on the left will show the spider's path. The shortest distance between points A and B is 35.35' ($\sqrt{31^2 + 17^2} = \sqrt{961 + 289} = \sqrt{1250} = 35.35$). You will agree it was an extraordinarily clever spider!

3. DONKEY AND FIELD: We are indebted to S/Ldr. Orchard for a solution to this difficult problem. The length of rope required would be 57.95 yards. The method of arriving at this figure is far too complicated and long for publication here, but if any reader is sufficiently interested he should get in touch with the Editor who will be glad to show him the working.



Station Camera Club

A vote of thanks is due to the Station Camera Club for bringing Mr. Richard Bird of Regina to the Station Recreation Hall on Wednesday, April 29, when he lectured on "Pictures and Their Making."

All who heard Mr. Bird are unanimous in agreeing that they were privileged to hear such a splendid lecture and see such a demonstration of good photography as was witnessed on this occasion. His gift for photography was evident to all present. It was quite apparent from his Kodachrome slides and films that he is an enthusiastic student of Nature—spending many hours in the country in his efforts to capture rare photographs or witness the secrets of Mother Nature.

He set forth some of the main points which make for good picture taking, and the points of composition of which he spoke were clearly illustrated in many of his own. His studies of wild flowers on the prairies were unique—one of the Prairie Crocus being outstanding.

Mr. Bird is not only a fine photographer but a great traveller as well, having visited sixty-eight countries. His experiences have taken him through three wars and many exciting adventures. He flew with the R.F.C. during the last war.

It is sincerely hoped we shall have the pleasure of having him back at "32" again in the near future. We cannot afford to miss such good entertainment.

Double Movie Projection

Those who have visited the Station Movies lately will have enjoyed a complete showing of the films, without any stops. This is due to the fact that the P.S.I. has purchased a second projector which is in operation alongside the original one. This means that, barring breaks, there will be no more delays due to the changing of reels during the show. It is a step in the right direction.

Model Aircraft Club

The club has been fortunate in securing a new "home" in the M.T. Section, and great things are expected now. During a recent flight of models over the 'drome, one petrol driven model was lost. It is hoped its owner will be able to find it, as it was quite valuable.

Discussion Group

Four lectures have been given during the past month and all proved interesting and informative. The discussions which followed the lectures convince me of their value. It is hoped that there will be more lectures arranged for the near future.

ERIC WALLING,
Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

Y.M.C.A. FILM SCHEDULE

Friday, May 15th—"SECOND FIDDLE": Starring Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power and Rudy Vallee.

Sunday, May 17th—"MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN": Starring Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur.

Tuesday, May 19th—"HORROR ISLAND".

Friday, May 22nd—"SUEZ": Starring Tyrone Power and Annabella

Sunday, May 24th—"SAN FRANCISCO DOCKS": Starring Burgess Meredith, Esther Ralston and Irene Hervey.

Tuesday, May 26th—"UNEXPECTED FATHER": Starring Baby Sandy, Shirley Ross, Mischa Auer.

Friday, May 29th—"SHERLOCK HOLMES": Starring Basil Rathbone and Ida Lupino.

Sunday, May 31st—"SHIPS WITH WINGS": Starring John Clements and Jane Baxter. Story of the Ark Royal.

Tuesday, June 2nd—"IT'S A DATE": Starring Deanna Durbin and Kay Francis.

Friday, June 5th—"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES": Starring Jane Withers and the Ritz Bros.

Sunday, June 7th—"SEVEN SINNERS": Starring Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne and Mischa Auer.

Tuesday, June 9th—"BIG TOWN CZAR": Starring Barton McLean, Tom Brown and Eve Arden.

Friday, June 12th—"HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES": Starring Basil Rathbone and Wendy Barrie.
